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Puck



HIS FIRST WAR-HERO.



AFTER THE PROPOSAL.

HE.—And you can't give me any hope?
SHE.—Oh! Yes I can! I'm quite sure you'll get all over this.

FROM THE SOIL TO SOCIETY.

MARMADUKE.—How do you feel about this much-discussed man-with-the-hoe?
COURTNEY.—Oh! He's all right! In three generations he will be the-man-with-the-tallyho.



HAD HEARD SOME SWEARING.

FIRST BEE.—I see you've taken up golf. Do you know how to swear?
SECOND BEE.—Hoot, mon! I learned how to swear when I learned how to sting people.

AN OBSTINATE FAITH.

“Bryan must be a Christian Scientist.”
“Why?”

“Oh! He does n't seem able to get himself to believe that he is politically dead.”

NOT ALARMED.

FIRST CITIZEN.—But if Europe should combine against us in a trade war?
SECOND CITIZEN.—All right! If they want a trade war we'll sell them all the ammunition they need.

SOME DAY.

Life is a bluff!
Behind our mask we bear the brunt
Of contumely, but our front,
The while we do our daily stunt,
Ignores rebuff;
But as we nurse our wrath, and fret
Beneath our smile, we don't forget,
And, somehow, we'll get even yet
All right enough.

IGNORANCE IS BLISS.

FIRST HORSE.—Bill Sorrel is awfully proud of his new hat.

SECOND HORSE.—It's enough to make a horse laugh, is n't it? The poor fool imagines it's a real Panama!

THE CORONATION, unlike the Boer war, is likely to be carried out according to programme.



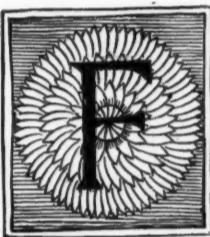
AN IMPOSSIBILITY.

BEGGAR.—Could yer spare me de price uv a dinner, sir?
CHOLLY.—I'm afraid you aw an impostaw. You surely can not be intending to dine in such a costume as that!



AT THE SUMMER HOTEL.

HE.—Most of these waiters are divinity students. Some of them are already ordained, too, I believe.
SHE.—Indeed! How nice to think that one could get married by simply calling the waiter!



THE TALENT OF O'FLAHERTY.

ULL AIRLY in life was O'Flaherty showin'
Remarkable talent for heelin' and toein'.
Whin but a young lad, if he stairted it goin',
His comrades would gather like so manny ants.
His comrades would gather, forsakin' their playin',
To shtudy his manner of shteppein' and shwayin',
And folk that were older would jine wid them, sayin':
"Just look at young Larry O'Flaherty dance!"

Thin, whin later on he got older and bigger,
At wakes and at weddin's he cut a great figger;
For, faith, there was niver a clogger nor jigger
Compared wid O'Flaherty, worthy a glance.
Compared wid O'Flaherty, no wan was in it,
And whin he was present, they'd niver begin it—
They knew the attintion would turn in a minute
If Larry O'Flaherty stairted to dance!

Well, Larry's grown old, and he's lame in cold wither;
But, nivertheliss, he is light as a fither;
And, sure, it is him that will shake the shoe lither
If iver a fiddle will give him the chance.
If iver a fiddle is heard to be hummin',
His fate on the flure will be doin' such drummin':
That people come runnin', and cry as they're comin':
"Oh! Look at old Larry O'Flaherty dance!"

H. A. Crowell.

HIS MODEST DESIRE.

"All we ask," said the long-suffering taxpayer,
breathing a gentle sigh, "is to be moderately overtaxed."

NOTHING TO LEARN.

"After carefully considering these flying machines," observed the philosophic bird, "I conclude that the best way to fly is to do it naturally."

Convinced that they could n't give him any points, he flapped his wings.



FOR OBVIOUS REASONS.

"You ain't got none of the boarders you had last year, have you, Jabez?"
"Well, no! We did n't expect any of 'em."

PUCK

HOW TO BECOME A RURAL POET.



IT is a popular belief, handed down from the days when men made proverbs, that poets are born, not made. Why the human race should forever be prohibited from making poets simply because one man, many years ago, thought out and sprung such a remark as that is beyond modern understanding. Still the words are quoted, and in the face of their awful portent comparatively few persons have the temerity to make poets out of themselves or of anyone else. The responsibility in the latter case is particularly aggravating.

Notwithstanding all that may be said to the contrary, however, poets can be made—or, at least, dialect poets can; and in order not to grow too complex let us limit the dialect to one sort—rural. Rural dialect as it is now written is a poetic inspiration of itself. When a man grows so that he can think in rural dialect, woodpeckers hammer, threshing machines whirr and bees buzz in his head all day. Expression is easy, for in no other form of modern poetry are the rules of rhythm and metre so accommodating as in that embracing the language of the Rube.

In some forms of verse, it is thought advisable to have a sequence of rhymed thought,—a well-ordered procession of similar sounds which seem to fall in line naturally without pushing or crowding. To attain such perfection, however, it is doubtless necessary to be born; but the made poet, by the use of certain and never-failing substitutes, may rise readily to the dizzy heights of rural verse and never once lose his poetic footing. The expressions which may always be counted on in the ninth inning, so to speak, include the following: "I jing," "By jing," "Yer know," "Well, say," "B'Gosh," "Sez I," "By Heck," and "I swan." There are, of course, hundreds of others, well known to the dialectician, but these few, as samples, will suffice in the present instance.

Now, as to their value in the prompt manufacture of poets, it will be seen that any one of the above-mentioned remarks, universally acknowledged to be typically rural, makes an excellent filler for a halting line. With an "I jing" or a "Sez I" at his pen's end, the rural poet may look the whole world in the face and fear not any man. There is no versified sentence which can not be filled out satisfactorily by means of one of the faithful. For instance, let us suppose that the poet is describing the old swing in the farmhouse orchard. How simple it is!

What a durned cosy seat wuz th' old orchard swing,
As it hung where the apple boughs nodded. By jing! —

There you are. After that you have your second wind and it is



ACCOUNTING FOR BILL'S NARRATIVE.

"An' my messmate, Bill, told some mighty interestin' stories about that wreck, an' it 's no wonder."

"I suppose he had a pretty exciting experience."

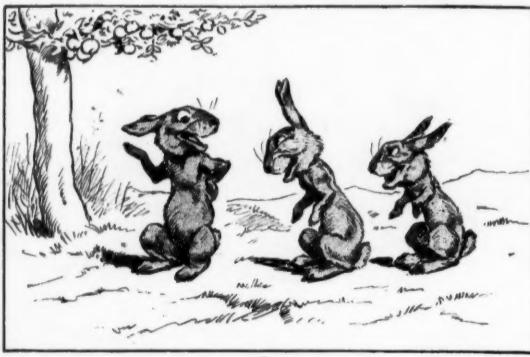
"T ain't so much that, but Bill was a great reader an' he read a lot of them sea novels."

delightfully simple to use the "By jing" as an introductory exclamation to the next couplet. "I jing" is preferred by some authorities.

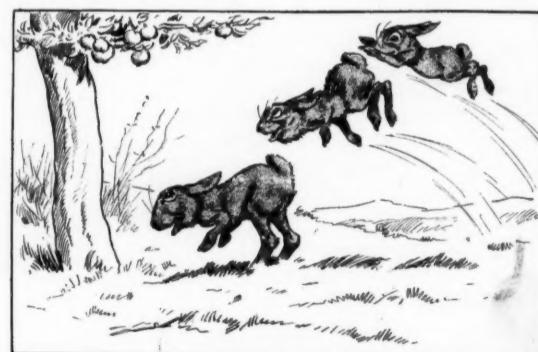
— By jing!
Kin I ever forgot to what heights it 'ould go
In the days when th' locusts wuz singin'? Yer know —

Saved again, as you see. The system, as illustrated, is used

THE ACROBATIC RABBITS WHO LOVED APPLES.



I.



II.

PUCK



III.



IV.



V.



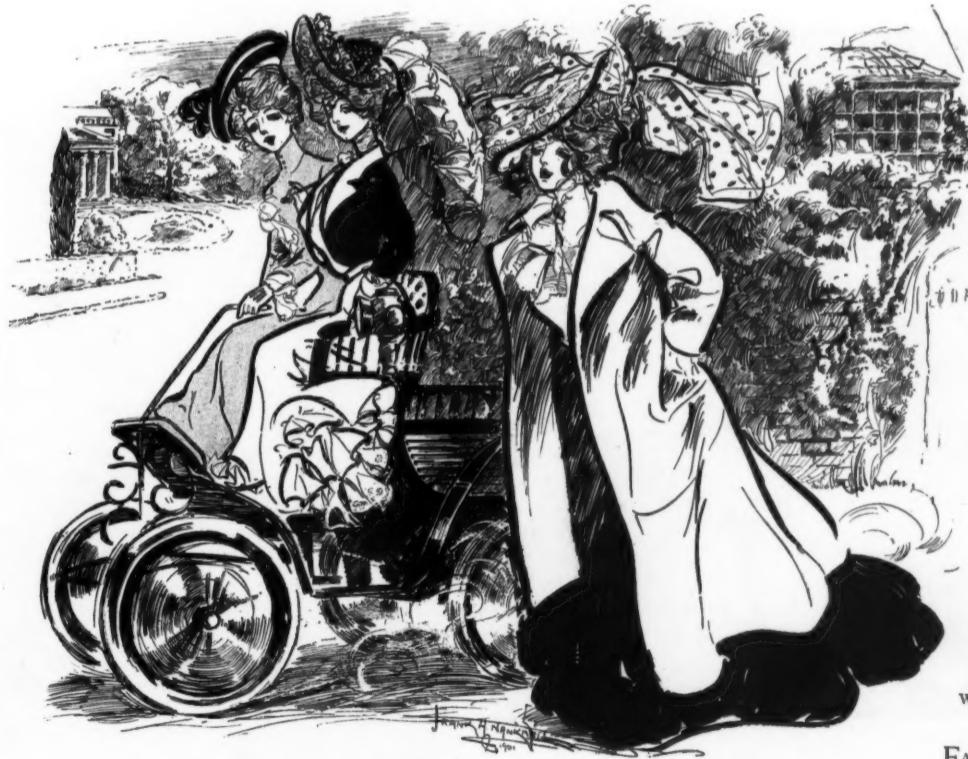
VI.

by all rural poets and it never fails. You are not supposed to know what it is "yer know" until the time comes to tackle the next line. Then some sentiment may readily be found to suit the occasion.

—Yer know,
Like ez not, how it feels of a hot Summer day
To be swung in a swing in an orchard. Well,
say!

Simplicity itself; and the best part of it all is, the faithful expressions will suit any sort of rural subject: "The Straw Ride," "The Husking Bee," "When First I Kissed Sweet Nancy Brown," "Silas Hopkins's Checker Tournament"—anything. But to resume and to see, incidentally, what it was we were going to "well, say."

—Well, say!
Do you know how it feels to alight on yer neck
From an old orchard swing, on a boulder, by Heck?



CRITICISM.

GRACE.—Those automobile coats have n't any shape.
BLANCHE.—No. They 're just the thing for wearers who have n't any.

Not a very elevating thought, truly, but so suggestive of an old orchard swing. The rural poet who wishes to be made must bear in mind, of course, that it makes no difference what he writes, so long as he sprinkles his discourse with hayfield pleasantries. The rule is the same as that which holds good in the case of the Romantic Novel. A few "Have at thee's," one or two "Gadzook's," and a brace of "Peradventure's" will help out many a lagging chapter. But let us get in the swing again and read it all over:

What a durned cosy seat wuz th' old orchard swing,

As it hung where the apple boughs nodded.

By jing!

Kin I ever forgot to what heights it 'ould go
In the days when the locusts wuz singin'. Yer know,
Like ez not, how it feels of a hot Summer day
To be swung in a swing in an orchard. Well, say!

Do yer know how it feels to alight on yer neck
From an old orchard swing, on a boulder, by
Heck?

Go thou and do likewise. Make thyself.
Harry Hamilton.

AS HE UNDERSTOOD IT.

ISAACS.—Rosenbaum says he considers money choost as a means to an end.

COHENSTEIN.—Vot 's dot? Oh, yes! Choost as a means to get more money.

A COURAGEOUS ANIMAL.

CITY MAN.—A safe family horse?

FARMER SHELLBACKER.—

Yes-siree! Why, that 'ere hoss
ain't even afraid of a woman
in curl-papers!

A REBUKE.

"He can't make out the boat's name."

"Well! What difference does it make?"

"What difference does it make? You talk like a man
who never had a marine glass!"



FAINT HEART never won fair lady; except, of course, when the lady made up her mind that she could n't stand it to see him lose.

PUCK

AN EARNEST QUERY.

CAN NOT look upon the sad, mad ocean
Without a shaking, quaking motion;
Nor can I gaze upon the wild riled river
Without a shiver and a quiver;
I never 'glance askance upon the still, chill lake
But that my limbs both quake and shake;
And when I view anew the gushing, rushing rill
I straightway have a shiverish, liverish chill.
With such a sensibility, and power to know and show it,
What do I need, indeed, to be a poet?

When I have shown that any sort er water
Stirs up emotions wild as oceans,
Why was I not a Shelley
To cast the spell he
Cast, or else a Keats to do great feats
With English verse, or, say a Burns and like him get returns?
(Not in the sense of one who gets "returns," but like the one
who yearns and also earns
Immortal fame—and blame from each mephitic critic?)

Why did I not, with all the skill I've got,
Strive for the right to be dubbed knight?
Strive for the benison and venison
That goes out without doubt to men like Tennyson?

Since I could fashion rhyme, I've not lacked time
To sing "The Idylls of the King" or anything.
I might have caroled out "Childe Harold"
If I had thought it would be bought.
I might have tossed and afterward embossed
A slight fantasia like the "Light of Asia."
Why—Why did I not try?

Again I ask why did not I
Write and indite Wordsworth's "Excursion" as a mild diversion?
Or else "Evangeline," on some cold Winter e'en?
Or Shakspere's plays and Walter's lays, on rainy days?

I run to rhyme each time
I have a pencil—or a stencil;
I am a songfellow to Longfellow.

Why did not I?
I did not. Why?

Charles Battell Loomis.

A LEVELER.

BRIGGS.—There ought to be some way to prevent folks from getting so very rich.

GRIGGS.—Yes; it ought to be a law of Nature that, as soon as a man gets to be a millionaire he will develop appendicitis.

BUT THE burnt child does n't by any means shun fireworks.

EXCEPT for flirting purposes the electric fan is a great improvement on the old-fashioned article.

NATURALLY, the administration of justice is often a farce. With the beggarly salaries we pay our judges, we can hardly expect it to be high-class musical comedy.



AIRY PERSIFLAGE.

MR. CHIRPLEY.—He roosts on the insulator because he says he's afraid of being shocked.

MRS. CHIRPLEY.—Well, if he expects folks to swallow that yarn he had better get rid of that blasé look.

NO TROUBLE.

"I wish I could be a philosopher."
"It's easy enough, my boy! All you have to do is to preach what you don't practice."

"I THINK that will make an ideal match."

"Yes; the least friction will cause either to flare up."

SERVANTS who engage in suburban homes have a wise saying that a man lives as far out as he looks, while a woman lives farther out than you think.

WHEN A MAN puts his property in his wife's name, in order to defraud his creditors, it serves him right if she goes in for bridge whist and loses it all.

IT SEEMS to be the theory of the Church that the Lord loves a cheerful giver, but not with a love that is blind to the difference between a nickel and a dollar.



THE OBJECTION.

"One critic spoke very unfavorably of this play."
"Why?"
"Well, I gathered that it was too popular to suit him."

PUCK

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

"LE ROI S'AMUSE." IF ASTROLOGY does not have Count Waldersee born under a lucky star that alleged science is at fault. From the beginning of his Chinese expedition it was apparent that he was a person of rare good fortune. Never before salied a commander to war with equipment so luxurious, from portable boudoir to folding bathroom. Nor have more than a few come so happily out of campaigns in which there was actual fighting. The most of this in the Chinese campaign was over before the Count left Germany; and beyond the looting and some casual and unexciting slaughter of helpless Chinese the German troops under Waldersee had little to do. But the Count's crowning piece of luck was to have for sovereign a man whose capacity for taking himself seriously has been the marvel of modern times. Only William of Germany could have watched his progress in China with delighted satisfaction, and only this monarch could have welcomed him as a war-hero on his return. Orders, emoluments, banquets, processions and the clinging royal kiss upon either cheek,—all attest that war-heros are scarce and that one must make the most of what comes in one's way. But has not the Emperor shown himself to be chief instigator in all his realm of that offence which he finds so frequent, called, in the musical German, "Majestaets Beleidigung?"

CONCERNING TWO NEWS-ITEMS. TIME WAS when the burning of a negro in the South was treated as important news. It had place on the first page of the newspaper under exclamatory headlines. But of late

the frequency of this occurrence seems to have depreciated its news-value. Often it is reduced to a paragraph on an inside page. On the other hand, news of a Southern sheriff resisting a mob bent on lynching used to be worth but a brief matter-of-fact mention, whereas it has lately come to be treated as sensational as the lynching itself once was. Such a change in the value of the two items is not a reassuring one. At least, not to those of us who hope to see the Negro problem solved with some credit to our civilization. Only a slender minority headed by Senator Tillman would care to see the colored vote eliminated wholly by the rope and fire. There is but one crime more heinous than that of the creature, two or three generations out of savagery, which incites these outbreaks, and that is the crime of the civilized white men who torture him to death. Considering the antecedents of the parties, the second crime deserves more punishment than the first. It is to be hoped that the present epidemic of these affairs will, by its virulence, arouse the better element of the South to the light in which they are coming to stand before the world.

DOMESTIC HERALDRY. IF IT may be said without rhetorical offence, the recently established American College of Heraldry promises to fill a long-felt want. We don't know of a longer. The old custom of letting the carriage painter select one's coat-of-arms was not without advantage. There was a large stock of beautiful designs, and the choice was generally in good taste; but the thing was hap-hazard and unofficial. So was the plan of choosing one's crest from a stationer's catalogue. The Condensed Ham magnate from Chicago and the Cast Steel potentate from Pittsburgh might both choose a device already appropriated by a New York gentleman whose grandfather made it in hides and tallow. One excellent lady, prominent in the councils of our smartest ancestral society, was annoyed to learn, after her new crest had attained some publicity, that it had been designed originally to celebrate

the virtues of a toilet-soap. The soap was excellent,—though it shall be nameless here,—but its crest was highly unsuitable for the lady's purpose. It was a tasty thing in crests, but much too new. With a College of Heraldry to advise and to maintain a system of registration, irritating little collisions of this sort will be avoided. The devices now in use, mostly chosen after one or other of the methods indicated above, should be cast aside and a fair new start made under the auspices of this deserving institution. Concerning heraldic trappings, our native nobility will then be able to enjoy a thrill of exclusiveness and privacy which circumstances have hitherto denied them.

A NEW "THE MAJESTY OF THE LAW" CRIME. The law's machinery is vast, massive and complex, and to observe it in motion is to be convinced of its majesty. It is majestic in things trivial and things momentous; in prescribing the composition of a Sunday dinner as in dealing with the abstrusest problems of human association. A law in effect in this State, September 1st, prohibits the selling of uncooked meat on Sunday. By a simple turn of the wheels public morality is thus conserved. Yet we civilize but slowly. Before this reform could come some alert moralist had first to observe the scandal of meat-selling on the Sabbath. He beheld throngs of citizens in the markets brazenly purchasing steaks and chops of a Sunday. Doubtless he even detected little innocent children, victims of unthinking or depraved parents, toddling up to the counters for two pounds of the stuff. Those about him he probably found to be calloused into indifference by these weekly disturbances, but our moralist was sensitive. To our legislators at Albany he portrayed the wild disorder which marks the sale of meat on Sunday. He made it plain to them that while the purchase of a rib-roast may be consummated with decorum on Saturday it can not be achieved without disorder on the following day. Our legislators, duly horrified, thereupon passed the bill, and our Governor perfected its majesty by affixing his name thereto. And now no more shall the Sabbath be profaned by the anarchist who would seek flagrantly to buy a couple of broilers. The law will permit him to buy all the beer he wants, but no meat;—unless, indeed, the purveyors of that staple inaugurate a side-door system of their own. The rumor that the moralist in this case is an official of the ice-trust, who suspected that the small householder could be made to buy more ice, has not been confirmed at this writing. But the law is majestic in any event. If it were not, it could not do some of the things it does.



HIS WEAKNESS.

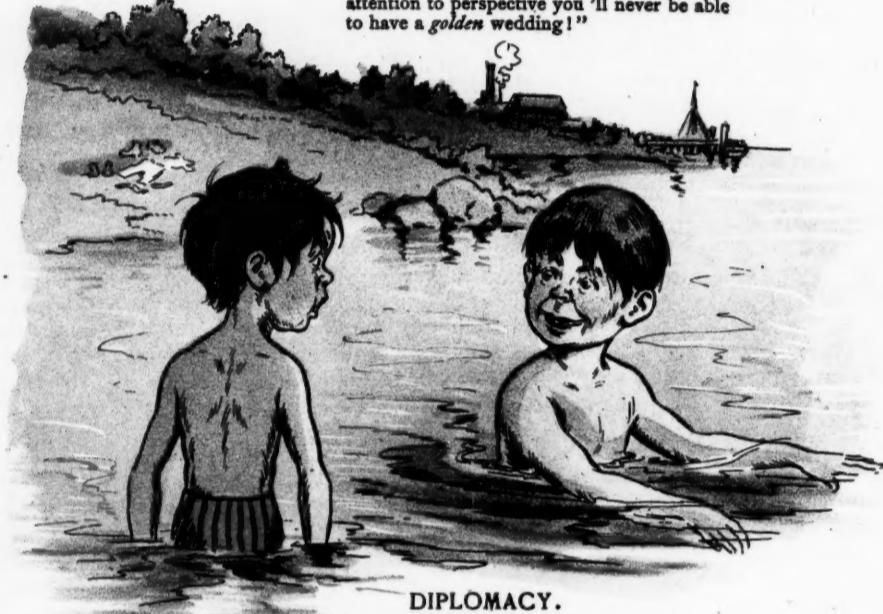
MAGGIE (aged 7).—I s'pose you know dat Chauncey and I are engaged?

KATIE.—No, but I 'spect it! I heard de poor guy could never learn to say "no!"



THE TEACHER'S REBUKE.

"It's all right to be wedded to your art, Miss d'Auber, — but unless you pay more attention to perspective you 'll never be able to have a *golden* wedding!"



DIPLOMACY.

FIRST BOY.—It's six o'clock. Let's go home!
SECOND BOY.—Nit! If we go home now we'll git licked fer stayin' so late; —if we stay till eight we'll git hugged and kissed fer not bein' drowned.



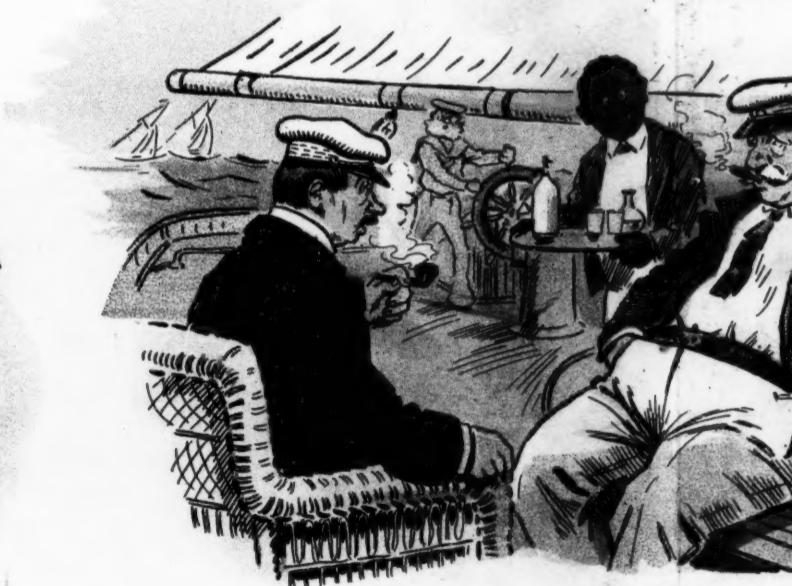
THE ONLY WAY.

LADY.—Can the baby talk yet?
GIRL.—No'm! De on'y way we kin tell whedder he's cooing er cursing is by de expression on his face!



THE BEST

Parson Goodman.—Boys ball on the Sabbath?
Catcher.—Y-Yes, sir! B-



A MODEL.

VAN SPlicer.—Is Van Jibber's new yacht a
VAN TOPSUL.—It is a masterpiece of the des
something or other breaks every time he tries to sa

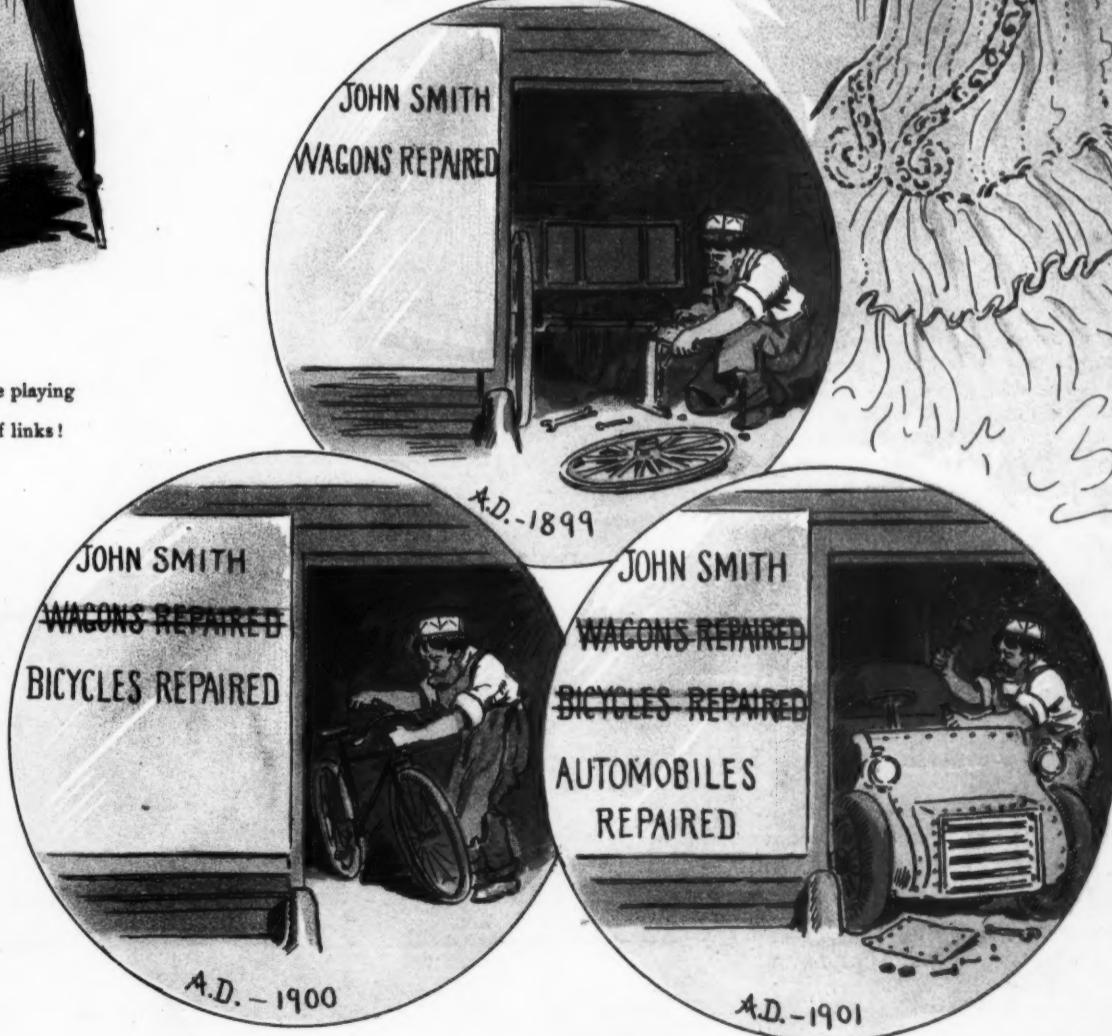


THE BEST THEY COULD DO.
 GOODMAN.—Boys! Boys! Are you not ashamed to be playing
 Sabbath?
 —Y-Yes, sir! But dey won't let us kids onter de golf links!



MODEL.
 Ober's new yacht a crack-a-jack?
 terpiece of the designer's art! Why,
 y time he tries to sail her!

MER ROUND-UP.



AMERICAN PROGRESSION OF THREE YEARS. (NEXT!)

J. OTTMANN LITH. CO. PUCK BLDG. N.Y.

PUCK



ENDORSED.

FIRST MONKEY.—Yes; it's a good rule to think twice before you chatter once.

SECOND MONKEY.—That's right! You know what you're chattering about!

HIS OBSERVATION.

URING my somewhat extended and, I trust, more or less useful career," ruminatingly remarked the Sage of Kohack, "I have devoted a considerable portion of my spare time to observing the peculiarities of human nature, till I may say that to a certain extent I can read my feller-men like an open book.

"Amongst other things, I have learned that more men have been self-undone than were ever self-made, although they generally have a good deal less to say about it; and that some men have ten gallons of words to every teaspoonful of thoughts; and also that a man who has made a fool of himself twice in the same fashion ought to consider himself better adapted to that business than to any other; and likewise that while it is true that man wants but little here below it is always a little more.

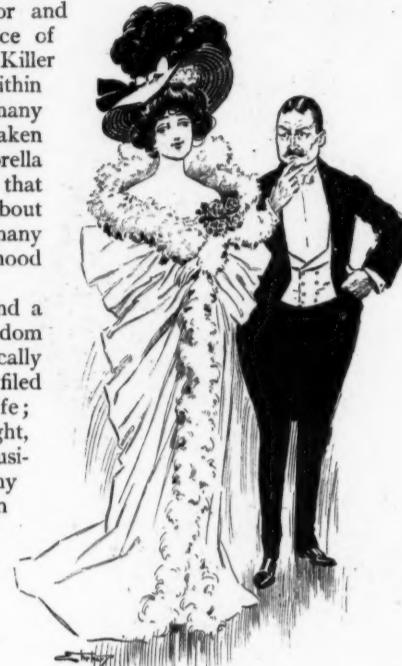
"I have observed that we generally pass over the really admirable attributes of a man and fix our eyes on his infirmities—a red nose attracts a great deal more attention than a stainless character. I have noticed that the pinnacle of fame is often too sharp-pointed to afford a comfortable perch. I have found out that while there's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip there is very seldom any slip between the jug and the jag. I have become convinced that fewer persons are killed by overwork than perish from eating health-foods, and also that about the only people who ever profit by advice are doctors and lawyers.

"I have frequently taken notice that the man who attends strictly to his own business generally has a lifetime job; that many a man prides himself on his level head when in reality it is simply flat;

that if a man is fat and well-dressed and able to keep his mouth shut he can bluff everybody and pass for almost anything, and that if Nature had arranged things so that a man could kick himself, some of my acquaintances, if they had done their duty to themselves and the world, would by this time have booted themselves clear up to the planet Jupiter; and also that when a man divides up his property among his relatives, in return for their promises to care for and cherish him during the balance of his life, he should sue the Fool Killer for malpractice if he don't die within the next ten days—and that many a man if the conceit was all taken out of him would be like an umbrella with its ribs gone; and likewise that when a man gets to be just about so old he can recollect a great many interesting events of his boyhood that never happened.

"I have picked up these, and a good many more, bits of wisdom regarding human nature by critically observing my feller-men as they filed past me along the highway of life; but I kinder think that I might, after all, have been in better business, for I have n't yet caught any idea how to put the information to profitable use, unless mebby I can work it all up into a funny piece for one of the comic papers."

Tom P. Morgan.



WOULD DO HER PART.

MR. GOODCATCH.—I'm half-way in love with you.

SHE.—Well, I'm willing to meet you half-way.

"Then get me into society!" said Aladdin. Here the Genie recoiled.

"I did n't say nobody is impossible!" exclaimed this singular being, hastily.

POVERTY STILL stands a chance of becoming popular, as an anti-fat.



A SAGE GUESS.

MRS. FINNIGAN (reading).—The average man shpinds twenty years av his loife in bid.

MR. FINNIGAN.—Oi'll bet th' lobshter thot wrote that nivvir hod a baby.

PUCK

THE STAGE VILLAIN.



HE villain, of old, had the slippery smile
Of a catfish barbed with the blackest mustaches;
His s's he hissed in a venomous style,
And he chewed all his r's, and he gnashed all his dashes.
And, Oh! Do you mind how the aguish fiddle
Would shiver a fit of melodious chills,
And give you a sudden sick fear in your middle,
When he found the last of the old miser's wills?
And, Oh! Do you mind the tableau at the close
When everyone sneered at the villain's last cursing
As he was led off in a violent pose
By super-policemen who needed rehearsing?

Now, a poor cast of mere "moral degenerates,"
Slinking through villainies, play in his part,
Since the new "gods" whom the realist venerates
Called for cheap commonplace in exact art —
Called for a whimpering, shame-faced and simpering,
White-livered rogue with a black-and-tan heart.

Musical horrors can't gooseflesh the gallery
In the "dark scenes" of the villain to-day;
He is a stock exchange gull, whose small salary
Drove him to stealing to cover his play —
Drove him to villainy, though he would fill any
Honest position that promised more pay.

Gone are the villain's last blood-curdling sentences —
Gone when these new psychopathics began —
Quite superseded by fifth-act repentances
After the Ibsenish problem-play plan —
Gone with the masterful, dark and disasterful,
Give-you-your-money's-worth, bold, bad man!

H. J. O'Higgins.

MODERN MARTYRDOM.

SUBURBANITE.—There goes Everlate, the
most prominent and disinterested citizen our little
village boasts. He always has the welfare of our
town at heart.

CITY FRIEND.—Ah! Endowed a library?
SUBURBANITE.—No; but he lived here seven months
before trying to sell his house!

DYSPEPSIA is becoming so common that even if there should happen
to be an utter failure of weather, there would still be something
to talk about.



THE LAST STRAW.

DAUGHTER.—But, Papa, he is my ideal!
FATHER.—Great Scott! If anybody else had told me that against that
young man I would n't have believed it.

NOT KILLED YET.

NYMRODD (*after his trip*).—It's surprising the number of poor
marksmen who go hunting in Maine.
SHELLEY.—How do you know?
NYMRODD.—Why, I met three guides who
were over fifty years old!

IT WOULD.

FIRST CRANE.—You know, I like to be
in the fashion.
SECOND CRANE.—So do I; but it would be
terrible if high, stiff collars should come in

TOO TRUE.

That it takes nine tailors to make a man
Is rather a rash remark, we'd say;
But nine collectors and a "bad bill" van
Are often required to make him pay.



JUST AS WE ALL SUSPECTED.

"Doctor, what's the difference between sanatarium and sana-
torium?"
"I ought not to tell;—it's really a professional secret."
"Oh! Tell me Doctor;—I won't tell a soul."
"Well—on your honor, now—there is n't any difference."

WHEN WE make a mountain out of a mole hill it is difficult to per-
suade other people to take our view of the topographical effect.



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ISAACS.—Nobody can tell how dot last fire of Levy's originated.
ABRAMS.—Ach, no! Dot Levy vas an original genius!

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—Medical Press (London), Aug. 1899.

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Because it is designed, colored and manufactured to
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WHAT a lot of stories you can tell under
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That's All!

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CHURCH.—I see some of the theatres are reducing their prices?
GOTHAM.—Yes; it looks as if a fellow would be able pretty soon to see a
twenty-five-cent show in New York for only fifty cents.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

Keep up
with the
times!

Drink

EVANS' ALE



IN BOSTON.

THE FIANCÉ.—And there were times when you were in doubt about accepting me?

THE FIANCÉE.—It is true. O George! How fortunate that you proposed at the psychological moment!

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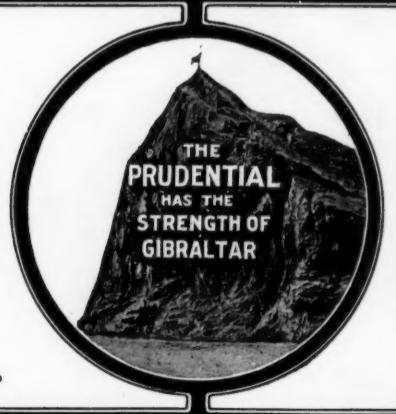
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Perfectly matured
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For the physical
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it is the purest
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Sold at all first-class cafes and by jobbers.
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SOCIETY FOLK.

"The man you sent to the Horse Show," said the managing editor, "seems to be a humorist."

"Why?" inquired the city editor.

"After describing the special class for donkeys, he says, 'Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Glawsey Stayre, Mr. and Mrs. H. Swellman Top-notch,' etc." — *Catholic Standard and Times*.

REALISTIC.

"That canvas of mine that I call 'Sunset on the Jersey Meadows,' is the most realistic thing I ever did."

"Is it?"

"Yes. You see that stagnant pool in the foreground? Well, sir, I had to sprinkle crude petroleum all over it to keep the mosquitos off." — *Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

BOKER'S BITTERS

The best stomach regulator. None better in mixed drinks.



"Is Dorothy's 'den' artistic?"

"Artistic? I think so. You can't take a step in it without knocking over something oriental."

Exchange weakness for health—lassitude for energy
by taking Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters.
At all druggists. Refuse substitutes.

THERE is nothing quite so pathetic as the hit and miss conversation of the person who is in the first throes of the broad "a" habit.—*Washington Post*.

Try a
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Made of
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Finest Matured Old
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Bottled by LIPTON, Ltd.,
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How many Japanese lanterns, with tallow dripping from them, does it take to make a lawn party look like fairy land? — *Atchison Globe*.

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At this season of travel and of out-door life, the hair should be frequently washed with a pure neutral soap, to remove the dust and cinders that collect, and to keep the scalp in a healthful condition.

For cleansing the hair and scalp, nothing equals Williams' Shaving Soap.

A small piece of the soap produces a great mass of thick, creamy lather, which carries off every particle of dust or dandruff, and leaves the hair soft, fluffy and silky.

Williams' Soap allays irritation, is cleansing and healing, and delightfully cooling and refreshing. A shampoo with this soap is great luxury on a hot day. Try it!

TRIAL Tablet (sufficient for a dozen shampoos) for 2c. stamp.

Williams' Shaving Soap is exquisite for all toilet purposes.
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is famous for keeping the skin soft and delicate because the healing ingredients are in the powder. Put it on with a small piece of chamois skin. Sample free.

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"EXPERIENCE," said Uncle Eben, "is a ve'y pow'ful teacher, but you wants to look out foher. It does n' do de sailor no good to know whah de rock is aftuh he has done run into it." — Washington Star.

To THE PAN AMERICAN EXPOSITION AND NIAGARA FALLS.
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Stop-overs given at both points on all tickets.
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HIGH BALL
It has the call.

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ESTABLISHED 1793.

COULD N'T RETIRE.

"It used to be my ambition," said the business man, "to accumulate a fortune and then retire."

"Well," answered the friend, "have n't you realized it?"

"No. I've got the money, but I don't dare retire. I've got to stay awake night and day to keep somebody from getting it away from me." — Washington Star.



A CLOSE RACE.

VISITOR.—So those old chaps having the controversy are the town's old residents — which is the oldest?

RESIDENT.—They can't settle it which is. Old Bill's got the longest gray whiskers and old Hi's got the most gold-bricks; they're about even on rheumatics, too.

Stops Diarrhoea and Stomach Cramps.
Dr. Siegert's Genuine, Imported Angostura Bitters.

LOTS of men are all right, only they stopped learning too long ago. — Wash. Democrat.

AHEAD OF HIS TIME.

The man who takes life studiously laughed several times in quick succession. The friend with him seized his arm and exclaimed, apprehensively: "What's the trouble?"

"There's nothing wrong," was the answer. "I was merely laughing at all those new hats."

"But there is nothing extraordinary about them."

"That is how it seems to you. But I look ahead. If they are as funny ten years from now as the hats of ten years ago are to-day they will be simply excruciating. I may not be here ten years from now, and I don't want to miss the opportunity."

He laughed once more and then relapsed into gloom. — Washington Star.

CHURCH.—Did your friend drop his while he was in London?

GOTHAM.—He did worse than that — lost an eye.

"Really?"

"Yes; before he went over there his name was Smith; since his return it has been Smyth." — Yonkers Statesman.

WHEN a boy sees a rich man who does n't stop at a peanut stand, he begins to doubt that the man is so rich, after all. — Atchison Globe.

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RYE

A SWEET BREATH
from sun-kissed fields of golden grain. If local dealers can not supply it, write to the distillers,
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All Others Are Imitations.

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Pears' soap is dried a whole year. That's why it lasts so. It wears as thin as a wafer.

Sold all over the world.



"EF SOME MEN," said Uncle Eben, "was as kyahful 'bout what dey puts into deir stomachs as dey is 'bout what dey takes out'n deir pocket-books, dar would n' be nigh so much dyspepsia." —*Washington Star*.

"WHAT are you playing?"
"This is a song without words."
"You would n't think so if you heard the man across the hall." —*Indianapolis News*.

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UNREASONABLE.

"I really don't know what to do," said the vivacious woman. "It is very difficult to please the world."

"What is the difficulty?" asked her husband.

"People are so unreasonable in their comments. If you tell all you hear, they say you're a gossip; and if you don't, they say you're stupid and commonplace." —*Washington Star*.

THE first six weeks after a girl is graduated she studies to appear serious, as if her burden of knowledge weighed heavy on her mind, but in a few weeks she begins to curl her hair and go down to smile at the good-looking clerk at the soda fountain, just like the other girls. —*Atchison Globe*.



ASSISTANCE APPRECIATED.

THE CHICKEN.—Thanks, awfully! I've been trying to get out for a couple of days!



THE PILGRIM AND THE PURITAN.

This is the story of William the weary pilgrim and Jereboam the Puritan: "Prithee," quoth William, "the guerdon of a hand out, or cold bite!"

"Nay, nay, friend!" quote Jereboam. "For this is the Sabbath day!"

"Do unto others as ye would they do unto you!" quoth William. "Verily, a good rule, friend!"

"Verily, friend!" quoth Jereboam. "And being good it works not upon the Sabbath!"

Now, this could William not gainsay, for it chanced that he, too, was brought up in the strictest sect of the Pharisees. —*Detroit Free Press*.

HARD WORK.

BORROUGHS.—There's a fellow who makes more work and trouble for his friends than any one else I know.

ASCU.—Who? Tytefist? Why, I can hardly believe that of him.

BORROUGHS.—You've never tried to borrow a dollar from him, I guess. —*Catholic Standard and Times*.



THE man who predicted a cool Summer has at least succeeded in establishing his eligibility for a position in the Weather Bureau. —*Wash. Post*.

PRESIDENT SUSPENDERS
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Moves when you do. Adjusts itself to every bend of the body. Every pair guaranteed. Look for "President" on the buckles. Trimmings can not rust. Price 50 cents. Sold everywhere or by mail.

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Another Opportunity to Visit California under the Auspices of the Pennsylvania Railroad's Personally-Conducted System.

In view of the great popularity of transcontinental travel under the Personally-Conducted System, as evinced in the recent Pennsylvania Railroad Tour to the Pacific Coast and Canadian Northwest, that company has decided to run another tour to the Pacific Coast, including in the itinerary a visit to the world-famous Grand Canyon of Arizona, in the early Fall. The tour will leave New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, and other stations on the Pennsylvania Railroad east of Pittsburgh, on Monday, September 23, and reach New York on the homeward trip Tuesday, October 22.

As in former tours to California under the auspices of the Pennsylvania Railroad, a special train, composed of the highest class of Pullman equipment, will be utilized during the entire trip. Excellent meals will be served in the dining cars attached to the train during the entire journey, except during the stops at San Francisco and in Chicago. An observation car will appeal to all who delight in scenery. Few trips afford so great a diversity in Nature's beauties as the one outlined below. Westward bound, the tourists will pass through the wild slopes of the Colorado Rockies, around the Great Salt Lake, and over the fastnesses of the Sierra Nevada. After visiting all the beautiful resorts on the sunny California slopes, the eastward journey will be through the Arizona desert to the Grand Canyon of Arizona. Its beauties cannot be painted in mere words. Magnificent in coloring, awful in its depths, it stands among the natural wonders of the world. Thence across the plains to St. Louis, and eastward through Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, and Pennsylvania, the tourists reach their destination just thirty days after leaving home.

The various transcontinental lines having made low rates on account of the General Triennial-Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company is enabled to offer this superb vacation trip at the low rate of \$185 for the round trip from New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, or any point on Pennsylvania Railroad east of Pittsburgh, one in a berth; and \$165 for the round trip, two persons occupying the same berth. The rate from Pittsburgh will be \$5 less.

Diagrams are now open, and as the number who can be accommodated will be strictly limited, names should be registered immediately.

For further information and descriptive pamphlet, apply to George W. Boyd, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.



IN NEW AMSTERDAM.

MYNHEER VAN KLOOF.— He says he joins the merry dance before marriage merely to prove to her that he is not too old to wed.
MYNHEER VAN GESS.— Yes; and after marriage she'll lead him a merry dance to prove to him that he was.